

## Let's Dance

*You have turned my mourning into dancing;  
you have taken off my sackcloth and clothed me with joy,  
so that my soul may praise you. —Psalm 30:11-12*

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**READ:** Psalm 30

**REFLECT:** Eleven years ago on Valentine's Day, we took cards, red roses, and balloons to my sister who was lying in a hospice bed. She was dying of cancer. Seven days later she was gone—my big sister who had assured me that everything would be all right after my mom died when I was just 11.

Grief counselors say that we deal with grief in layers. Fifty years, 30 years, 20, 11—the years go by, but the scars remain. They become a permanent part of us, and if left untended can harden our hearts to God and others. That's what happened to me after my mom passed away. It happened again after my sister died.

I once took part in a study on "Spiritual Friendship," where we discussed the hurts and losses of our lives. "Have your losses squelched you and limited you?" someone asked. "Is the evil one at work to limit your joy and effectiveness?"

"Yes!" I answered without hesitation. Yes, I was allowing my losses and the fear of more of them to direct my life, rather than letting Jesus lead me.

The song "Lord of the Dance" provides a great image of the joy following the steps of the risen Jesus. "Dance, then, wherever you may be, / I am the Lord of the dance, said he. / And I'll lead you all wherever you may be, / And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he" (Sydney Carter).

We have the choice between simply sitting life out or "dancing" to the rhythm of God's life. Let's choose the latter.

—Cindy Snider

**RESPOND:** *Lord, I want to follow your steps. I want to choose life. Thanks for turning my mourning into dancing.*